

MARVEL
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OCT

UK 95p

DAREDEVIL

"Fall from Grace"
Chapter 2



APPROVED
BY THE
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AUTHORITY

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"...potential of biomimetics: imitating molecular make-up and manufacturing of biological materials.



"...i.d. the dragline code in orb-weaver spiders. The result is genetically enhanced fabric, perfect for a soldier's protective gear.

I FOLLOW DIS RED-MAN THROUGH HIS CITY, WATCHING.

AN' WHILE I WATCH, I LEARN.



IT NOT WIT' DEE EYES I GEE, BUT WIT' DEE SMELLS AN' DEE TASTE.

I LISTEN FOR DEE SILENT-LIKE WAY HE SLIP PAST WATCHMEN. I FEEL DEE BROKEN LOCKS HE OPEN SO CAREFUL.



"...bricklike crystal pattern in abalone shell. A fissure takes a tortuous path through the layered structure, inspiring new kinds of armor.



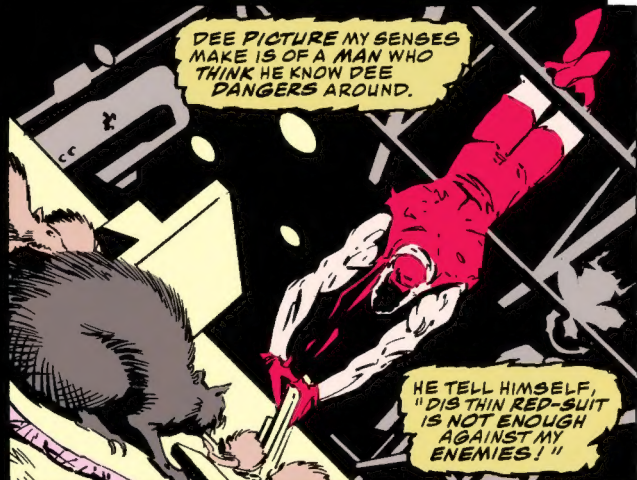
"...protein molecule cables in rats' teeth, like twisted wire strands. Breaking individual strands still leaves the whole intact..."



excerpts from Dressing For The 21st Century: The World Of Materials Research, Dr. George Soidisant, Upstate Press, 1991

DEE PICTURE MY SENSES MAKE IS OF A MAN WHO THINK HE KNOW DEE DANGERS AROUND.

HE TELL HIMSELF, "DIS THIN RED-SUIT IS NOT ENOUGH AGAINST MY ENEMIES!"



BACK IN DEE
SMALL ROOM
HE CALL HOME,
A MACHINE
HUMS AN
APOLOGY.


File Edit Transfer Mode
Account Number
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Murdock, Matthew M. to... Anonymous
...Advanced Materials Institute
...Industrial Synthetics, Ltd.
...Bio-Polymer Technologies

AN' IN DEE HEAVY BEAT
OF HIS HEART, DEE RED-
MAN MAKES EXCUSES
FOR HIS SINS.

HE REMIND HIMSELF
DAT A WEAKNESS IN
BATTLE WOULD LEAVE
DEE "INNOCENTS"
WIT' NO ONE TO
DEFEND DEM.

HE TELL HIMSELF WHAT
HE DO IN HIS FAKE RED-
SKIN AN' HORNS IS
IMPORTANT.

HE CONVINCE
HIMSELF DEE
"LITTLE MAN"
NEED A
PROTECTOR.



DEE PRIDE, IT ALWAYS
COME BEFORE DEE FALL.

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

FALL FROM GRACE PART 2

TRANSGRESSION


All its inhabitants ascend to heaven right after their deaths, having served their full term in hades right on Manhattan Island.

Barnard Bulletin, September 22, 1967,
paraphrased

by D.G. CHICHESTER
& SCOTT McDANIEL
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letterer - BILL OAKLEY
colorist - CHRIS MATTHYS
editor - RALPH MACCHIO
asst. editor - PAT GARRAHY
chief - TOM DEFALCO

McDANIEL • COLLAZO •

GARRAHY



DERE'S SOME'A DIS
DAREDEVIL IN ME,
COME ACROSS IN A
YODUN DANCE HE
DON'T REMEMBER--

--AN' I CAN
NEVER
FORGET.

HIS WORLD BE
DARK AS MINE,
ALL SOUND
AN' SHAPE.

HIS EARS FOLLOW DEE
RATTLE'A PEBBLES UP...

...BUT IT ONLY DEE
BUILDING DAT
ECHO BACK DOWN.

AN' WHILE HE BLIND
TO ME, I WATCH HIM.

AN' I LEARN.

HE HUNT FOR A CRAZY
MAN CALL HIMSELF EDDIE
PASSIM, WIT'A MAGIC
KNOW-HOW ALL HIS OWN--

--A VIRUS DAT CAN CHANGE
WHAT IT INFECT, MAKING
OVER FROM DEE INSIDE OUT.

DAT'S HOODOO I WANT FOR
MY OWN--A RELEASE FROM
DIS LIFE'A CHAINS, BEIN'
SLAVE'A VODOO PRIESTS
PRAYIN' TO LAOS LIKE
OGOUN.

SOON, MY FLESH AN' BLOOD
ANSWER ONLY TO DIS REALITY
... AN' I BE FREE.

GOD HELP WHO GET BETWEEN
ME AN' MY DESIRE.

'CAUSE DEE DEVIL'S
ON DEE SIDE'A
HELLSPAWN.



SAN FRANCISCO.

EVERY DELAY BRINGS THE HAND A STEP CLOSER TO FIND US SCREWING WITH THEIR PROPERTY, KENKOY!

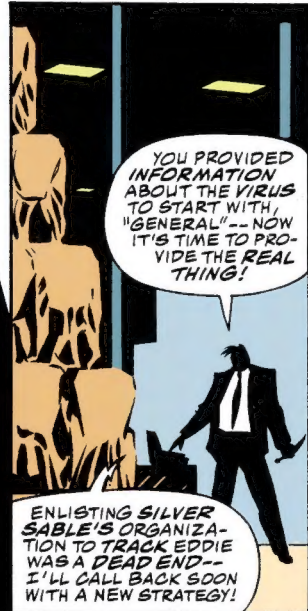
THE VIRUS BELONGS TO NO ONE YET, NYEUNG, AND IF THE NINJA HAD EVEN A CLUE TO OUR PLANS, WE'D BE DEAD ALREADY!

ONCE WE HAVE "ABOUT FACE," WE'LL BE ABLE TO CREATE THE PERFECT HEROIN USER--

--EVERY BIT AS ADDICTED, BUT IMMUNE TO THE DRUG'S LETHAL QUANTITIES! AN EVER-GROWING BASE OF CASH-PAYING CONSUMERS!

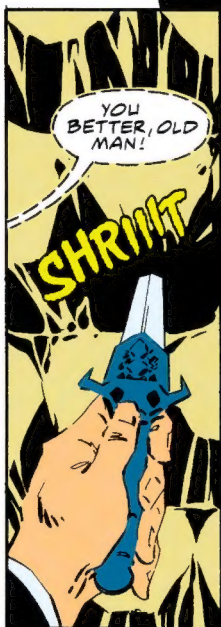
AN APPROPRIATE... HONORARIUM... PAID TO THE SNAKEROOT WILL HELP IN THEIR OVERLOOKING ANY... IMPROPRIETIES!

MAYBE, KENKOY... AND MAYBE THE SNAKEROOT COMES FOR US IN THE NIGHT, ANYWAY!



YOU PROVIDED INFORMATION ABOUT THE VIRUS TO START WITH, "GENERAL"-- NOW IT'S TIME TO PROVIDE THE REAL THING!

ENLISTING SILVER SABLE'S ORGANIZATION TO TRACK EDDIE WAS A DEAD END-- I'LL CALL BACK SOON WITH A NEW STRATEGY!



YOU BETTER, OLD MAN!

SHRIMP



MEANTIME, AT LEAST, THERE'S SOME PERKS TO THIS JOB!

HEY, WHAT'S--?



--STOP HEY! HOLD UP!--



FWKRAAK



THE VIGILANTE IS A HALF NAMELESS ALIEN SYMBIOTE, HALF RIGHTEOUS FURY NAMED EDDIE BROCK.

THEIR VICTIMS ARE USUALLY LEFT WITH NOTHING TO SAY... OR AT LEAST NO WAY TO SAY IT.

BUT TOMMY NYEUNG WAS OF THE HAND, AND IN THE SMOKING DEATH OF THOSE SHADOW WARRIORS IS BOTH A FOUL CHILL--

--AND A MYSTIC RESONANCE.

--SOME DERELICT NAMED PASSIM? AND A "VIRUS" THAT ALTERS US ANY WAY WE WISH!

THE MEANS OF CONQUERING OUR WEAKNESS TO FIRE AND SOUND-- AND NEW OPPORTUNITY TO OVERSHADOW OUR CONTEMPTIBLE SPIDER-MAN!

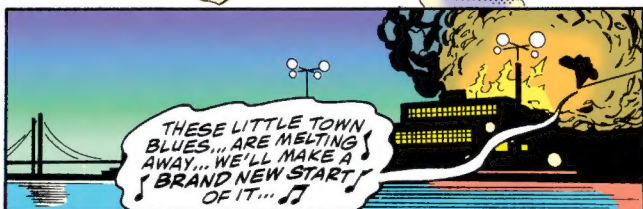
BUT FIRST...

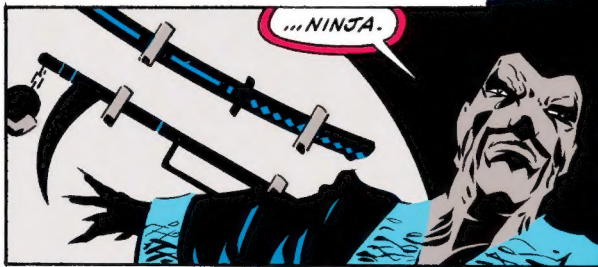
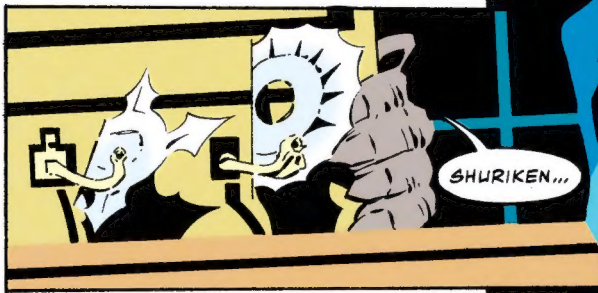
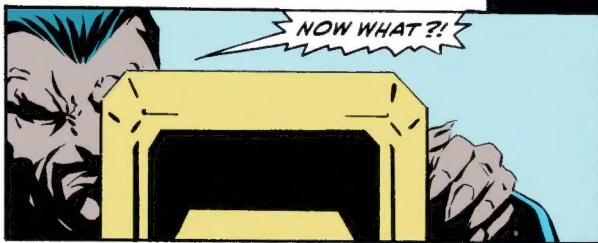
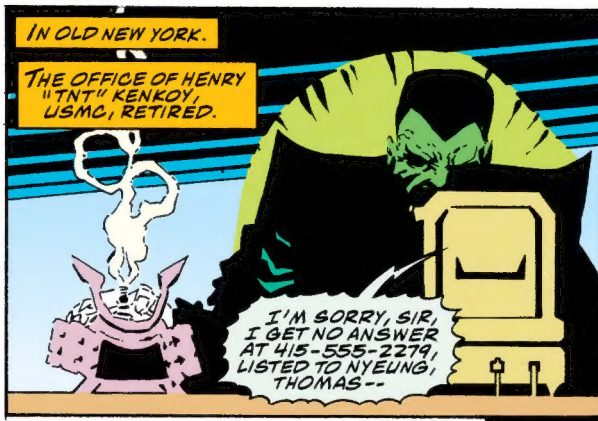
...JUST SAY NO TO MORE HEROIN!

IT'S IN OUR HEAD SHOWING US--

ZRAAK

THWIP





THE URICH APARTMENT.
MIDTOWN MANHATTAN.

--UNION STAND-
OFF AT THE DAILY
BUGLE, KEEPING
KEY PERSONNEL
OUT OF THE NEWS-
PAPER'S OFFICES--

I BET
YOU'LL BE
HAPPY
WHEN THIS
IS OVER,
DORIS!

NOT
REALLY, BEN. I
LIKE HAVING YOU
AROUND... IT'S
SOMEONE TO
HOLD MY KNIT-
TING WOOL!

THANKS
VERY
MUCH!

YOU LOST
YOUR SENSE
OF HUMOR.
NOW?

NO,
PROBABLY
JUST MY JOB!

--TURNAROUND
AS PUBLISHER J.
JONAH JAMESON
CUT HIS OWN DEAL
WITH UNION
LEADERS--

--EFFECTIVELY
DEFEATING
FINANCIER COL-
ONEL F.T. STRANG'S
TAKEOVER PLANS
FOR THE PAPER.

BUGLE



SOUNDS OFF!

I SAY, I
SAY I GOT NO
COMMENT!

"COLONEL"
STRANG'S BACK TO
CHICKEN STAND
OPENINGS, AND I'M
WELCOMING BACK
ALL BUGLE
EMPLOYEES!

8 AM. SHARP!
I'VE PUT IN A NEW
TIME-CLOCK...

OH, SURE!
SARA'S A REAL
GO-GETTER...

EARLY
START FOR
YOU, BEN...
BETTER GET
TO BED.

I'M
NOT TIRED
YET...

MAYBE I'LL EVEN
GO IN A LITTLE LATE...
LEAVE THE FIRST-THING
GRUNT WORK TO THIS
NEW KID, SARA
HARRINGTON!

CAN YOU
TRUST HER
TO THAT?

I GET WHAT
I WANT, MR. URICH...
AND WHAT I WANT IS
WAITING FOR ME IN
YOUR FILES...

YOU'RE NOT
GOING TO SLEEP...
WE'VE GOT SOMETHING
TO CELEBRATE!

...THE STORY
THAT'S GOING TO
MAKE ME THE
MOST TALKED-
ABOUT REPORTER
IN THE CITY...

IN 1963, HARRY KENKOY
WORE A GENERAL'S STARS,
AND EDDIE PASSIM
CARRIED A GOVERNMENT
IDENTIFICATION CARD.

THE MILITARY MAN TAUGHT
THE CIVIL SERVANT ABOUT
COVERT OPERATIONS IN
A DEMOCRATIC SOCIETY...

... LESSONS BROUGHT INTO
PLAY TWENTY YEARS LATER
WITH A STOLEN MAINTENANCE
UNIFORM AND SUPPLIES.

POLYSTYRENE PACKING
MATERIAL-- THOSE LITTLE
FOAM PEANUTS-- DIS-
SOLVED IN ACIDIC
CLEANING FLUIDS.

A MIX LIKE
NAPALM.

BUT NOT AS NICE.

HELLO
AGAIN,
EDDIE.

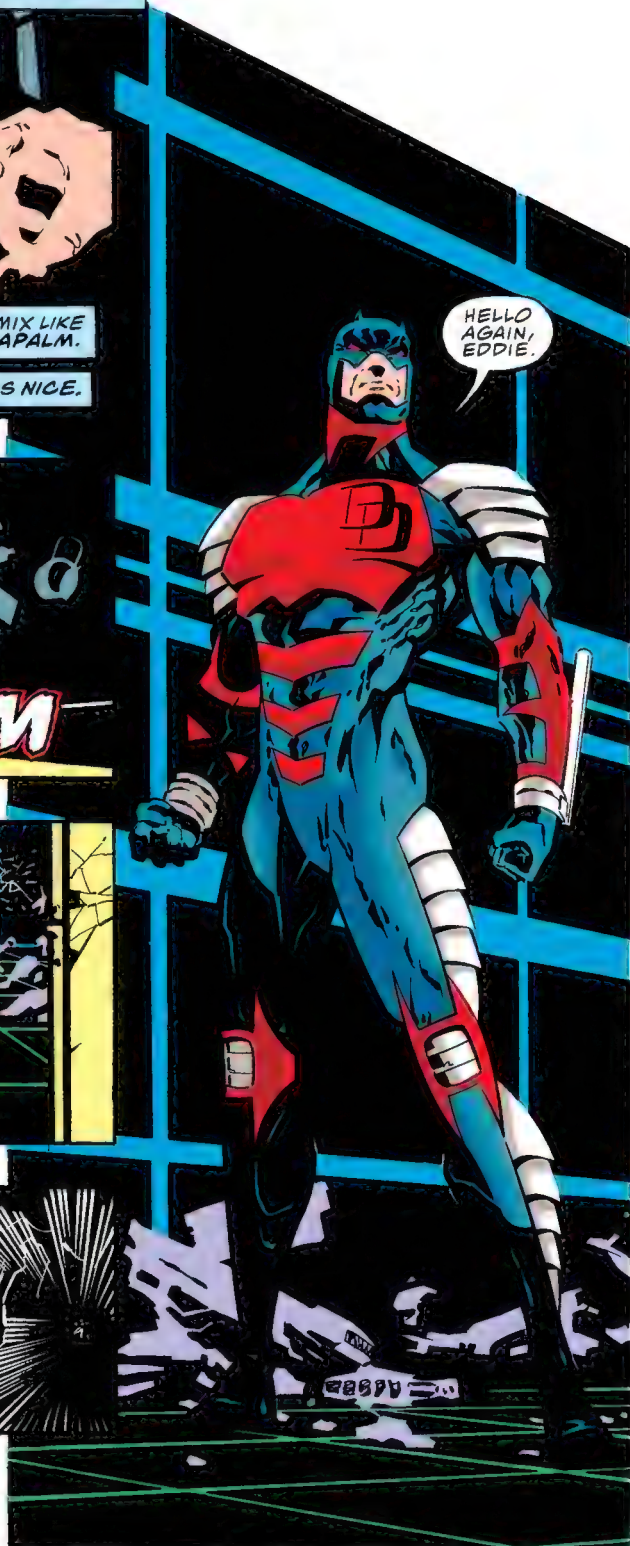
WORD'S ALL OVER
THE STREET YOU'RE
LOOKIN' FOR ME,
GENERAL--

--YOU'RE ALL
OVER THE WALLS
WHEN I'M
FINISHED--

KRAAM

--PLEASE
GOD NO
DON'T LET
ME BE TOO
LATE--

SEEMS
YOU'RE NOT THE
ONLY ONE WITH
A SCORE TO
SETTLE.





D-DON'T COME
NEAR ME STAY
AWAY!



*HYPERSENSES TRACK
THE MISSILE ON
MULTI-LEVELS.*

*HEAT PULSES AGAINST
SKIN. CHEMICALS SPLASH
LOUDLY INSIDE THE GLASS,
A GROWING CAUSTIC ODOR.
RADAR STROBES POSITION.*



*MUSCLES PLUCK THE
BOTTLE OUT OF MID-
AIR LIKE IT'S STAND-
ING STILL.*



NOT--

--SO--

--FAST!



HOW'D
YOU--?

A LOT OF
PRACTICE.



IT'S NO FAIR...
I SHOULD'VE BEEN
THE ONE TO HIT THE
S.O.B., TO MAKE
HIM HURT!

BUT I
WAITED TOO
LONG, TOO MANY
YEARS... AN'
NOW I'VE LET
HER DOWN
AGAIN...

A SUDDEN WAVE OF MENTAL AGONY.

THE WOMAN'S VOCAL CORDS ALREADY CUT, SILENCING HER FINAL SCREAM UNDER THE KNIFE.

THE MAN-- THAT WAS KENKOY, RIGHT?

BUT WHO WAS SHE?

THERESA... THERESA BELLWETHER.

SOMEONE... SOMEONE WHO LOVED ME.

THIS-- TELEPATHY OF YOURS, EDDIE... IT'S HURTING PEOPLE. FLARING UP OUT OF CONTROL, INFECTING OTHER HOMELESS... MAKING THEM BELIEVE THEY CAN PHYSICALLY CHANGE.

I CAME AFTER YOU TO HELP THEM. I'LL HELP YOU, BUT I'VE GOT TO KNOW WHAT'S BEHIND IT ALL. YOU AND THERESA AND THIS VIRUS YOU TALKED--

WHY GIVE YOU THE ANSWERS? I DON'T KNOW WHO...

DAREDEVIL.

SO YOU SAY. BUT WHY TAKE A CHANCE ON YOU?

GIVE AND TAKE, EDDIE?

I WAS JUST GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR "FRIEND," KENKOY -- I BET YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW, TOO!

FINGERTIPS MAP THE PULL AND MAT OF CARPET FIBER.

A FIGHT-- TWO PEOPLE, COMPLEX MOVES.

THE OFFICE REEKS WITH ITS OWNER'S SCENT AND TASTE-- SALTY SWEAT, COPPERY BLOOD.

KENKOY'S HIT -- BUT NOT ENOUGH TO GO DOWN.

HANDS TRACING A STORY IN THE PANELING'S DENTS AND TEARS.

SHOULDER INTO THE WALL. HE ROLLS TO THE SIDE AS HIS OPPONENT ATTACKS WITH--



--A SAI--

--A SAI?

FEELING
TRIGGERS
MEMORY--

--WHITE-HOT AS HER
TOUCH, SEARING AS
THE PASSION THAT
MARKED THEIR AFFAIR.

DON'T
MEAN TO
"EAVESDROP"
--CAN'T HELP
IT SOMETIMES.

WHO
WAS
SHE?

ELEKTRA...
ELEKTRA
NATCHIOS.

SOMEONE...
SOMEONE WHO
LOVED ME.

BUT I LET HIM
USE HER TO COOK UP
HIS SICKNESS--I WENT
ALONG!-- AN' FOR THAT
I KNOW I'M DAMNED.

THERE'S DAYS I
JUST WAIT FOR THE
DEVIL HIMSELF TO
COME AND DRAG
ME DOWN.

SHE'S GONE
NOW, THAT IT?
DEAD?

AN' MAYBE...
MAYBE YOU THINK THINGS'D
BE DIFFERENT IF YOU'D
DONE SOMETHING BACK
WHEN.



TRKRAASH!

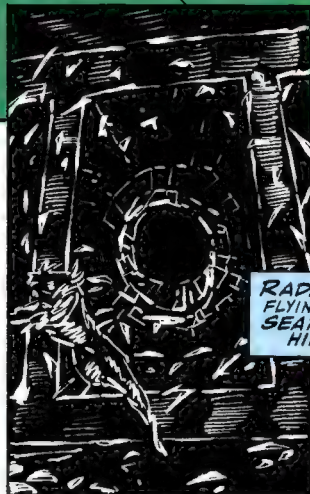
WAIT NO MORE!!



THE SOUND OF GLASS
BREAKING, SAVAGE
AND BRITTLE.



RADAR PULSES PAST
FLYING SHARDS, VAINLY
SEARCHING FOR THE
HIDDEN CAUSE.



SOMETHING
DEE MATTER,
RED-MAN?

TWRAAK!

YOU HEAR
MY VOICE--IF
I LET YOU--

--DEE
WHISPER OF
THINGS UNDER-
FOOT--

--BUT IT NOT
BE ENOUGH,
hmmm?

YOU A SLAVE TO
DEE SMELL AN' TUGH
TRICKS DAT TAKE DEE
PLACE 'A YOUR EYES--

--AN' WIT'OUT
DEM, YOU'S BLIND!

S-SAY AGAIN
HOW YOU WERE
GONNA HELP ME,
DAREDEVIL...

WHAT
ARE YOU?!

DEE HELLSPAWN 'A YOUR
BITTER HALF! WHAT YOU
SEE IN DEE MIRROR... IF
YOU COULD SEE!

GLITCH!

WE SHARE
DEE SAME DARKNESS.
BUT TO YOU, IT BE A
TRAP.

FOR ME, DEE
PLACE FROM
WHERE I
STRIKE!





YOU--YOU
CAN'T EVEN LOOK
OUT FOR YOURSELF,
"HERO"!

FWAAK!

--SO--

--FAST!

NOT--

I SURVIVED
THE STREETS ALL
THESE YEARS
WITH NOBODY ELSE,
I CAN STILL--

MY HOUNGAN IN DEE
BAYOU WHISPERED YOUR
NAME TO ME, EDDIE...
BEFORE I KILLED HIM!

YOU KNOW DEE VIRUS
I WANT, DIS "ABOUT FACE"
--AN' YOU KNOW WHERE IT
BE HIDDEN!

HIS JAW SHIFTS IN
A SICKENING
FASHION, NERVES
RAGING IN PROTEST.

HE FOCUSES
ON THE BLOOD--

--ALL HIS
AND SO
MUCH OF IT--

--DISTINCTIVE
TASTE AND SMELL
TO HELP CLEAR
HIS HEAD.

EDDIE'S STRUGGLES
REFLECT BACK,
POINTING TO WHERE
HIS CAPTOR STANDS
ABOVE.

OH-SO CLEVER,
RED-MAN...
... BUT YOUR BODY
STILL SHOUTS AND STINKS!
YOUR "QUICK MOVES" ARE
FROZEN PICTURES INSIDE
MY HEAD!

PROMISE
YOU WAIT FOR
ME, EDDIE?

WHAT IS IT--
YOU'RE LOOKING FOR,
"HELLSPAWN"?

EVERYTHING YOU
HAVE, RED-MAN--
ALL DEE THINGS
YOU TAKE FOR
GRANTED!

I WEAR DEE
SHACKLES 'A VOODOO.
EDDIE'S VIRUS WILL
CHANGE ALL DAT-- CHANGE
ME PHYSICAL-- AN' LEAVE
ME FREE TO LIVE IN
DEE REAL WORLD!

JUST WANT
TO BE HUMAN,
THAT ALL?

HNNGKK

WHERE AM
I, BLIND MAN?
WHERE?

YOU HAVE TO
DO BETTER,
OH YES!

FWIIK

AN' WHO SAID
ANYT'ING ABOUT
HUMANITY?

WEAK AN'
DESPERATE,
YOU ARE...

...BUT WARM
AN' SWEET ON DEE
TONGUE!

SPLIT

I BE BACK
TO DRINK MY
FILL LATER,
AFTER EDDIE
AN' ME FIND
DEE--

DON'T KNOW
ABOUT "SWEET",
BUT IT SMELLS
LIKE ME.

AND I CAN'T
BE IN TWO
PLACES AT
ONCE!

IT-- IT NOT HEALTHY
BEIN' SO CUNNING,
RED-MAN.



FWOOSH

THANKS FOR THE CONCERN...

...BUT I FEEL GREAT!

HYPERSENSES PULSE, CONVERTING HEAT INTO A THERMOGRAM...

YOU DON'T LOOK SO HOT, THOUGH!

... AND A TARGET.


FLAMES FICKER OUT, THE IMAGE TURNING OBSCURE.

OR MAYBE YOU DO.

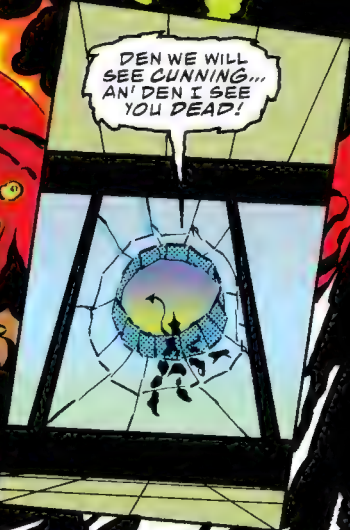
SORRY TO TAKE ADVANTAGE, BUT--



--HOW COULD
I PASS UP AN
OPPORTUNITY
THIS GOOD?



ENJOY IT WHILE
YOU CAN, DAREDEVIL!
BLOOD WILL WASH
CLEAN, DEE FIRE,
IT GO OUT!



DEN WE WILL
SEE CUNNING...
AN' DEN I SEE
YOU DEAD!



THE MEDIA SOMETIMES CALLS
HIM "THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR..."
BUT EVERYONE'S AFRAID OF THE
DARK, IF ONLY A LITTLE.

DAREDEVIL SPENDS LONG
MOMENTS, SENSING FOR
SOMETHING BESIDES HIS
AND EDDIE'S HEARTBEATS...

...AND HOPING IT REALLY
IS ONLY THE TWO OF THEM
IN ALL THAT BLACKNESS.



REST EASY
NOW, EDDIE.

BUT WHEN
YOU OPEN YOUR
EYES, THEN IT'S
TIME FOR SOME
ANSWERS...

S.H.I.E.L.D., SUBSTATION 14.

7 KLICKS WEST, POINT TWO-FIVE
KILOMETERS BELOW SKULL
VALLEY, UTAH.

TAC.SYS.ENGAGE.

LIGHT A FIRE,
MAN, WE AIN'T
GOT ALL DAY!

I DON'T EVEN
KNOW HOW HALF THESE
BLAMED SYSTEMS WORK!
JUST BE GLAD THEY DO,
SINCE YOU WANNA KNOW
WHAT WENT DOWN WITH
THE KIDNAPING.

SIMULATION'S, UH,
FIGURING ANGLES BACK-
WARD... FROM BLOOD STAINS,
EQUIPMENT WRECKAGE,
WHERE THE BODIES
FELL.

ONE MAN DID THIS
TO YOUR BOYS, BEFORE
BREAKIN' OPEN
THAT CYLINDER
...GOTTA
ADMIRE THAT KINDA
NETWORK!

SIM. RUNNING...

YEAH, I'LL
DANCE AN IRISH
JIG LATER!

AND NO WASTE A
TIME BEFORE MAKING
OFF WITH ONE
GARRETT-- COMMA--
JOHN!



TAC.SYS.ENGAGE.

TELL ME
SOMETHING, FURY.
WHEN YOUR CHOP-SHOP
REBUILT GARRETT INTO
A CYBORG...

...DID YOU TELL
HIM THE HEALTH
PLAN WOULD BE
A STORAGE
BASEMENT SPIT-
TING DISTANCE
FROM THE OSMOND
FAMILY?

SIM. RUNNING...

JOHN GARRETT'S
A BORDERLINE SOCIOPATH
WHO NEVER SHOULD'A WORN
THE SHIELD UNIFORM! IF HE
HADN'T GONE ROGUE,
MAYBE HE'D STILL BE IN
ONE PIECE!

THE SAME COULD
BE SAID OF A LOTTA MEN
WHO WANTED TO SERVE
THEIR COUNTRY, NICKY...
LOOK AT WHAT'S LEFT'A
ME.

IF THERE IS
ANY JOHN KELLY
IN HERE...



THE FACT YER
WILLING TO **SERVE**
IS WHY I CALLED
YA IN.

LAST ELECTION OR
SO, THE HAND GOES TO PLANT
A RINGER IN THE WHITE HOUSE--
NAME'A KEN WIND-- GARRETT
AN' A NINJA NAMED ELEKTRA
STOP IT.

ABOUT A WEEK
AGO, THE HAND HITS
THE PENTAGON. THIS
COMING ON TOP'A THAT
IS TOO MUCH COINCIDENCE FER ME.



WHAT WERE THE
BLACK HATS LOOKING
FOR, DROPPING IN ON THE
JOINT CHIEFS??



THAT'S--
THAT'S STRICTLY
ON A "NEED
TO KNOW"
BASIS...



I WANT YA
TO FIND GARRETT
--WHAT'S LEFT'A
HIM-- AND CONFIRM
THE CONNECTION!

SO WHAT'S
IT GONNA BE,
SIEGE? IN
OR OUT?



ALL RIGHT,
FURY, COOL YOUR
JETS... I'M IN! YOU
KNOW ME--

--I NEVER
PASS UP THE
CHANCE FOR A
GOOD WAR!



THE STRONGHOLD
OF THE SNAKEROOT.

SOMEWHERE
UNSPEAKABLE.

I'm... I'm the
president--



WHY-- WHY
DOES HE KEEP
SAYING THAT,
LORD DAITO?!

GARRETT SUFFERS
FROM DELUSION, GENKOTSU!
HE CONTINUES TO BELIEVE HE
BECAME THE HAND'S PRESI-
DENTIAL CANDIDATE...

... INSTEAD OF
REMAINING TRAPPED
IN HIS OWN BROKEN
EXCUSE OF A
BODY!

GARRETT'S MENTAL
CONNECTION TO THE
NINJA WITCH ELEKTRA
WAS TOO MUCH FOR HIS
SIMPLE MIND TO
DEAL WITH!

SURELY
THERE'S A BETTER
WAY THAN THIS MADMAN,
LORD DAITO!

AS-- FOND AS
I'VE GROWN OF JOHN,
LORD, I MUST ASK... WHY
NOT SEIZE THE ONE
CALLED MURDOCK?

HE HAS THE GREATEST
EXPERIENCE WITH THE
WOMAN WE SEEK!

YES, TEKAGI,
MURDOCK WAS
INTIMATE WITH OUR
QUARRY. BUT THEY
NEVER MERGED ON
THE PLANE OF THE
MIND...

... AS SHE
FOOLISHLY
DID WITH
GARRETT!



BESIDES WHICH,
MURDOCK'S ALTER
EGO OF DAREDEVIL
HAS LONG PROVED
A DIFFICULT
ADVERSARY...

... AND WE
WILL SUFFER
NO DELAY IN
WHAT WE DO
HERE
TONIGHT!



WITH HER
ESSENCE-- AND
THE VIRUS-- THERE
WILL BE NO
STOPPING THE NEW
SHADOW WARRIOR
WE CREATE!

ENOUGH
TALK, TORTURER.
THE TIME IS NOW.
DO IT.





FIND ME
ELEKTRA...

NEXT: SIEGE--
"CONFRONTATION!"